Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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THE ABBEY OF CLUNEDALE,

A TALE.

THE laſt rays of the ſetting ſun yet lingered
he mountains, which ſurrounded the diſtrict of
—when Edward de Courtenay, after two
paigns on the plains of Flanders, in one of
ch the gallant Sidney fell, reentered his native
ge toward the end of Auguſt 1587. He had
his father a few months before his departure
n the continent, a loſs which had occaſioned
the moſt ſevere affliction, and had induced
thus early in life to ſeek, amid the din of
s, and the ſplendor of military parade, a
e from painful recollection. Time, however,
gh it had mitigated the firſt poignant emo
s of grief, had not ſubdued the tender feelings
egret and ſorrow, and the well known objects
is early childhood and his opening youth, aſ
ted as they were with the ſalutary precepts
fond affection of the beſt of parents, awakened
is mind a train of melancholy, yet ſoothing
ghts, as with ſlow and pauſing ſteps he moved
g the venerable avenue of trees, which led to
atern l manſion. Twilight had by this time
t every object in a veil of pleaſing obſcurity;
as huſhed in the ſofteſt repoſe, and the maſſi-
of the foliage under which he paſſed, and the
nitude and ſolitary grandieur of his Gothic
impreſſed the imagination of Edward with
ſenſations of ſo emnity and awe. Two gray-
ed ſervants, who had lived for near half a cen-
in the family, received their young maſter at
ate, and while the tears trickled down their
ered cheeks, expreſſed with artleſs ſimplicity
joy, and bleſſed the return of the ſon of their
nt benefactor.

fter ſome affectionate enquiries concerning
neighbouring villagers, and the families of
old men, Edward expreſſed his intention of
ing to the abbey of Clunedale, which lay a-
a mile diſtant from the houſe; his filial affec
the penſive retroſpect of events endeared to
ory, the ſweetneſs and tranquility of the
ing, and that enthuſiaſm ſo congenial to the
emotions of the heart, gave birth to the wiſh
ngering a few moments over the turf which
red the remains of his beloved parent.
e, however, had he intimated this reſolution,
the ghaſtly paleneſs which overſpread the
tenances of his domeſtics, and the diſmay
at upon their features, aſſured him that ſome-
extraordinary was connected with the de-
nation he had adopted, and upon enquiry,
rrified ſervants informed him, though with
confuſion and reluctance, that, for ſome
his paſt, they and the country round had been
ed by ſtrange ſights and noiſes at the abbey,
hat no one durſt approach the place after ſun-
Edward, ſmiling at the ſuperſtitious fears of
tendants, which he attributed ſolely to their
ance, and their love for the marvellous, aſſu-
em he entertained no apprehenſions for the
, and that he hoped ſhortly to convince them
heir alarm was altogether unfounded. Say-
his, he turned into the great avenue, and ſtri
off to the left, ſoon reached the river, on
winding banks a pathway led to the ab-

is venerable ſtructure had been ſurrendered to the rapacity of Henry VIII. in 1540, and having been partly unroofed during the ſame year, had experienced a rapid decay. It continued, however, along with the ſacred ground adjoining, to be a depoſitory for the dead, and part of the family of the Courtenays had for ſome centuries repoſed in vaults built on the outſide of the great weſt entrance of the church. In a ſpot adjacent to this ancient cemetery lay alſo the remains of the father of Edward, and hither filial piety was now conducting the young warrior, as the gathering ſhades of evening dropped their deep gray tints on all around.

The ſolemn ſtillneſs of the air, the tremulous and uncertain light through which every object appeared, the ſoothing murmur of the water, whoſe diſtant track could be diſcovered only by the white vapour which hovered on its ſurface, together with the ſedate and ſweeping movement of the melancholy owl, as it ſailed ſlowly and conſpicuouſly down the valley, had all a natural tendency to induce a ſtate of mind more than uſually ſuſceptible of awful impreſſions. Over Edward, predispoſed to ſerious reflection by the ſacred purport of his viſit, they exerted a powerful dominion, and he entered the precincts of the abbey in deep meditation on the poſſibility of the re-appearance of the departed.

The view of the abbey too, diſmantled and falling faſt to decay, preſented an image of departed greatneſs admirably calculated to awaken recollection of the mutability and tranſient nature of all human poſſeſſions. Its fine Gothic windows and arches ſtreaming with ivy, were only juſt perceptible through the duſk as Edward reached the conſecrated ground, where, kneeling down at the tomb of his father, he remained for ſome time abſorbed in the tender indulgence of ſorrow. Having cloſed, however, his pious petitions for the ſoul of the deceaſed, he was riſing from the hallowed mould, and about to retrace his pathway homewards, when a dim light glimmering from amid the ruins, arreſted his attention. Greatly aſtoniſhed at a phenomenon ſo ſingular, and ſuddenly calling to remembrance the ghaſtly appearance and fearful reports made by his ſervants, he ſtood for ſome moments riveted to the ſpot, with his eyes fixed on the light, which ſtill continued to gleam ſteadily, though faintly, from the ſame quarter. Determined, however, to aſcertain from what cauſe it proceeded, and almoſt aſhamed of the childiſh apprehenſions he had betrayed, he cautiouſly, and without making the leaſt noiſe, approached the weſt entrance of the church; here the light however appeared to iſſue from the choir, which being at a conſiderable diſtance, and toward the other end of the building, he glided along its exterior, and paſſing the refectory and chapter-houſe, re-entered the church by the ſouth portal near the choir. With footſteps light as the air he moved along the damp and mouldered pavement, while pale rays gleaming from afar, faintly glanced on the ſhafts of ſome pillars ſeen in diſtant perſpective down the great aiſle. Having now entered the choir, he could diſtinctly perceive the place from whence the light proceeded, and on approaching ſtill nearer, dimly diſtinguiſhed a human form kneeling oppoſite to it. Not an accent, however, reached his ear, and, except the ruſtling noiſe occaſioned by the flight of ſome night-birds along remote parts of the ruin, a deep and awful ſilence prevailed.

The curioſity of Courtenay being now ſtrongly excited, though mingled with ſome degree of apprehenſion and wonder, he determined to aſcertain, if poſſible, who the ſtranger was, and from what motives he viſited, at ſo unuſual an hour, a place ſo ſolitary and deſerted; paſſing therefore noiſeleſs along one of the ſide iſles, ſeperated from the choir by a kind of elegant lattice work, he at length ſtood parallel with the ſpot where the figure was ſituated, and had a perfect ſide view of the object of his ſearch. It appeared to be a middle-aged man, who was kneeling on a white marble ſlab near the great altar, and before a ſmall niche in the ſcreen, which divides the choir from the eaſt end of the church; in the niche was placed a lamp and crucifix; he had round him a coarſe black garment bound with a leathern girdle, but no covering on his head, and as the light gleamed upon his features, Edward was ſhocked at the deſpair that ſeemed fixed in their expreſſion; his hands were claſped together, his eyes turned toward heaven, and heavy and convulsive ſighs at intervals eſcaped from his boſom, while the breeze of night, lifting at times his diſordered hair, added peculiar wildneſs to a countenance which, though elegantly moulded, was of ghaſtly paleneſs, and had a ſternneſs and ſeverity in its aſpect, and every now and then diſplayed ſuch an acute ſenſe of conſcious guilt, as chilled the beholder, and almoſt ſuppreſſed the riſing emotions of pity. Edward, who had impatiently witneſſed this extraordinary ſcene, was about to addreſs the unhappy man, when groans, as from a ſpirit in torture, and which ſeemed to rend the very boſom from which they iſſued, prevented his intention, and he beheld the miſerable ſtranger proſtrate in agony on the marble. In a few minutes, however, he aroſe, and drawing from beneath his garment an unſheathed ſword, held it ſtretched in his hands toward heaven, while his countenance aſſumed ſtill deeper marks of horror, and his eyes glared with the lightning of frenzy. At this inſtant, when apprehenſive of the event, Edward deemed it highly neceſſary to interfere, and when ſtepping forward with that view, his purpoſe was ſuddenly arreſted by the ſound of diſtant muſic, which ſtealing along the remote parts of the abbey, in notes that breathed a ſoothing and delicious harmony, ſeemed the work of enchantment or to ariſe from the viewleſs harps of ſpirits of the bleſt. Over the agitated ſoul of the ſtranger it appeared to diffuſe the balm of peace; his features became leſs rigid and ſtern, his eyes aſſumed a milder expreſſion; he croſſed his arms in meek ſubmiſſion on his boſom, and as the tones, now ſwelling with the richeſt melody of heaven, now tremulouſly dying away in accents of the moſt raviſhing ſweetneſs, approached ſtill nearer, the tears ſtarted in his eyes, and courſing down his cheeks, bathed the deadly inſtrument, yet gleaming in his graſp; this however, with a heavy ſigh, he now placed in a niche, and bowing gently forward, ſeemed to pray devoutly; the convulſions which had ſhaken his frame ceaſed: tranquility ſat upon his brow, while in ſtrains that melted into holy rapture every harſh emotion, the ſame celeſtial muſic

still passed along the air, and filled the compass of the abbey.---Courtenay, whose every faculty had been nearly absorbed through the influence of this unseen minstrelsy, had yet witnessed with sincere pleasure the favorable change in the mind and countenance of the stranger, who still knelt before the lamp, by whose pale light he beheld a perfect resignation to tranquillize those features, which a few minutes before had been distorted by the struggles of remorse; for such had been the soothing and salutary effects of harmony in allaying the perturbations of a wounded and self-accusing spirit, that hope now cheered the bosom so recently the mansion of despair. [To be continued.

DESCRIPTION OF A FARCE, ACTED BY ALL MANKIND

THE world is a theatre: mankind are the comedians; chance composes the piece, and fortune distributes the parts---theologists and politicians govern the machines: and philosophers are the spectators. The rich take their places in the pit and upper boxes: the powerful in the front and sides, and the galleries are for the poor. The women distribute fruit and refreshments, and the unfortunate snuff the candles. Folly composes the overture, and Time draws the curtain. The title of the piece is MUNDUS VULT DECIPI, ERGO DECIPIATUR---" If the world will be deceived, let it be so."---The opening of the farce begins with sighs and tears: the first act abounds with chimerical projects of men:---the franic testify their applause with re-echoed bravoes, whilst the sagacious bring their catcalls into play to damn the performance. At going in, a sort of money is paid, called TROUBLE, and in exchange a kind of ticket is given, subscribed UNEASINESS, in order to obtain a place. The variety of objects which appear, for a short time, divert the spectators; but the unravelling of the plot and intrigues, well or ill conceived, force the risible muscles of the philosophers.---We see giants who presently become pigmies, and dwarfs, who imperceptibly attain a monstrous height. There we see men exerting all their efforts in the pursuit of the most eligible plans, guided by prudence, and armed with precaution, who are, nevertheless, circumvented in all their pursuits, and frustrated in their endeavors; whilst here we observe a group of indolent, careless fellows, who attain the highest summit of mundane felicity.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

THE great church in Basil is a handsome Gothic church, in which Erasmus was buried. On a wall which formed part of the cloisters belonging to the Dominican monastery, there is a curious relic remaining of the playful fancy of the monks who formerly inhabited it. It is called the "DANCE OF DEATH." The wall is covered from one end to the other with paintings, representing, first, Adam and Eve, and then the figure of Death dancing with every description of character to be found in life,---Death always having a firm hold of his partner.---The first person he leads down is a fine gentleman---then a farmer---then a fine lady, a physician, a lawyer, a soldier, bishop, king, monk, nun, &c. &c. all in appropriate dresses, and as large as life. Some of the characters shew great aversion to their partner, and strive to retire, but Death keeps a firm hold, and as he respectively arrives at the bottom of the dance, pushes them into the grave.

CRUELTIES OF BONAPARTE IN SYRIA.

SIR ROBERT WILSON, in his history of the British expedition in Egypt, relates that Bonaparte, having carried the town of Jaffa [anciently Joppa] by assault, many of the garrison were put to the sword; but the greater part flying into the mosques, and imploring mercy from their pursuers, had their lives granted them:---that, three days afterward, Bonaparte, who had expressed much resentment at the compassion manifested by his troops, and was determined to relieve himself from the maintenance and care of three thousand eight hundred prisoners, ordered them to be marched to a rising ground near Jaffa; when a division of the French infantry formed against them: that when the Turks had arrived at the fatal spot, and the mournful preparations were completed, a signal gun was fired: that vollies of musketry and grape-shot instantly played against them; and that Bonaparte, who had been beholding the scene through a telescope, when he saw the smoke ascending, manifested his joy and exultation. The historian observes that the bones of these wretched people still lie in heaps, about a mile from the town of Jaffa, and are shown to every traveller that arrives. He further affirms that Bonaparte finding his hospitals at Jaffa crowded with sick soldiers of his own army, and fearing a pestilence, contrived and caused to be executed the diabolical project of poisoning them.

For the truth of this, Sir Robert appeals to the French officers, and to the members of the French institute at Cairo.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

The enclosed beautiful production has never been published in this country. Its merits give it a distinguishing claim to attention, and the meed of praise 'tis impossible to withhold. Its insertion in the MUSEUM will furnish an exquisite treat to the lovers of elegant poetry, and confer a lasting favor on AURELIA.

LAURA,---AN ELEGY:

Imitated from PETRARCH, by Sir WM. JONES.

IN this fair season, when the whispering gales
Drop showers of fragrance o'er the blooming vales,
From bower to bower the vernal warblers play;
The skies are cloudless, and the meads are gay;
The nightingale in many a melting strain,
Sings to the groves, "Here mirth and beauty reign."
But me, forever bath'd in gushing tears,
No mirth enlivens, and no beauty cheers:
The birds that warble, and the flowers that bloom,
Relieve no more this solitary gloom.
I see, where late the verdant meadow smil'd,
A joyless desert, and a dreary wild;
For those dear eyes that pierc'd my heart before,
Are clos'd in death and charm the world no more:
Lost are those tresses that on snow the morn,
And pale those cheeks that might the skies adorn.
Ah, Death! thy hand has cropp'd the fairest flower
That shed its smiling rays in beauty's bower;
Thy dart has laid on yonder sable bier,
All my soul lov'd, and all the world held dear;
Celestial sweetness, love inspiring youth,
Soft ey'd benevolence, and white rob'd truth
Hard fate of man, on whom the heavens bestow
A drop of pleasure for a sea of woe!
Ah! life of care, in fears or hopes consum'd,
Vain hopes, that wither ere they well have bloom'd!
How oft, emerging from the shades of night,
Laughs the grey morn, and spreads a purple light;
But soon the gathering clouds o'ershade the skies,
Red lightnings play, and thundering storms arise!
How oft a day, that fair and mild appears,
Grows dark with fate, and mars the toil of years!
No! far remov'd, yet hid from distant eyes,
Low in her secret grot a Naiad lies,
Steep arching rocks, with verdant moss o'ergrown,
Form her rude diadem, and native throne:
Here in a gloomy cave her waters sleep,
Clear as a brook, but as an ocean deep
Yet when the waking flowers of April blow,
And warmer sun beams melt the gather'd snow,
Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains,
The nymph, exulting, bursts her silver chains;
Her living waves in sparkling columns rise,
And shine like rainbows to the sunny skies;
From cliff to cliff he falling waters roar;
Then die in murmurs, and are heard no more.
Hence, softly flowing in a dimpled stream,
The chrystal So ga spreads a lively gleam;
From which a thousand rills in mazes glide
And deck the banks with Summer's gayest pride.
Brighten the verdure of the smiling plains,
And crown the labor of the joyful swains.
First on these banks (ah! dream of short delight!)
The charms of LAURA struck my dazzled sight;
Charms, that the bliss of Eden might restore,
That Heaven might envy, and mankind adore.
I saw---and O! what heart could long rebel?
I saw, I lov'd, and bade the world farewell.
Where'er she mov'd, the meads were fresh and gay,
And every bower exhal'd the sweets of May;
Smooth flow'd the streams, and softly blew the gale;
The rising flowers impurpled every dale;
Calm was the ocean, and the sky serene;
An universal smile o'erspread the shining scene:
But when in Death's cold arms entranc'd she lay,
(Ah, ever dear, yet ever fatal day!*)
O'er all the air a direful gloom was spread;
Pale were the meads, and all their blossoms dead;
The clouds of April shed a baleful dew,
All nature wore a veil of deadly hue.

* LAURA was first seen by PETRARCH on the 6th of April, in the year 1337, and she died on the same day in 1348.

[Concluded next week.

ON THE DEATH OF *REMNANT*, THE SEXTON.

IS REMNANT gone!---each tearful eye
Confirms the mournful tale;
He who oft heard the heart-felt sigh,
Now bids our grief prevail.

But cease, ye mournful friends, to weep;
Be on his stone engrav'd---
"God has ordain'd of those who sleep,
"A REMNANT shall be sav'd."

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSE

TO THE EDITOR.

THERE is, perhaps, no misfortune to which human nature is incident, better calculated to excite the tenderest emotions of pity, than that of unsuspecting innocence becoming the victim of artful duplicity. At a time when the heart is best fitted to receive the soft impressions of friendship, the judgment is seldom sufficiently matured to make judicious selections; and there are few occurrences in the course of a woman's life which require more deliberation than that of choosing a FRIEND or CONFIDANTE. In the language of Dr. Young, she ought to

----" Pause, ponder, sift; be not eager in the choice
That it is indispensably necessary to have such a person about one, almost every young lady of the present day appears to believe; it shall be granted that it may be necessary, although numerous objections might be raised against it---But in her intercourse with such a person, all her actions should bear marks of discretion; she should never suffer a blind partiality which is too often denominated friendship, to mislead her judgment, or vitiate her taste. Implicit confidence in the opinions of a CONFIDANTE is frequently productive of evils, serious and lasting; when it is known that so great an influence is obtained, the party becomes a sacrifice at the shrine of the other's imagination: credulity leads her on step by step, until she is rudely roused from this dreadful delusion, on the very brink of ruin.

I have been led to make these reflections by an occurrence of this nature within the sphere of my own observation.

MATILDA is a young lady whose various excellencies have gained her the esteem of a numerous circle of acquaintance. Endowed with fine feelings, a luxuriant imagination, and an acute discernment, she has displayed a considerable taste in the choice of books which she has read, and her exertions to improve her mind have been crowned with the most flattering success. Her friends have derived much satisfaction from observing the rapid progress she has made in her studies. But an unfortunate intimacy which was contracted at an early age, with the family of ----, it is to be feared will blast the fair prospects which have hitherto cheered the hours of her affectionate parents. DIANA, though naturally of a good disposition, has by many false notions of propriety instilled into her mind the ridiculous vanity of a fond but misjudging mother, she is completely unfitted for the station she holds FRIEND and ADVISER to the amiable MATILDA. Indeed her mother of INDIANA is so intent upon the promotion of the welfare of her own children, that in her excessive eagerness to obtain the end, the means are disregarded. In her actions she seldom consults the welfare of any other, however intimately acquainted they may be in her family; indeed should MATILDA be considered any impediment to the advancement of INDIANA, (and it is generally believed that this jealous mother considers her in that light) the most speedy mode of removing such an obstacle, would be considered the best; conscientious scruples are easily quieted. The influence which the corrupt manners of these two persons have already had upon the unsuspecting MATILDA, but too evident. Those who have beheld the slow regular increase of this influence, have perceived it with affected concern; but they console themselves with the reflection that it is not yet too late to escape the impending danger. All that is necessary for her preservation, is merely an exercise of her own judgment, unbiassed by partiality or fond attachment.

Should the attention of MATILDA be fixed by this narative, she will consider it the production of a friend anxious to promote her happiness.

June 23.

WELSH FRATERNITY.

The good people of Wales, have always been distinguished for what may be called national attachment; a Welshman was seldom the enemy of a Welshman, nor could often be induced to do any thing that might disgrace the name of a Welshman. A remarkable instance of this kind happened not many years ago, and it is a fact that an inhabitant of the Principality was convicted in it of a felony, and ordered for execution; but not a Welshman could be found to undertake the office of Jack Ketch, and the sheriff was obliged to send to England, before he could procure a hangman. [Lond.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN Dr R was Bishop of Winchester, he one morning for the cook to bring dinner, and the fellow came without it, he desired the favor of having it as soon as possible. "I speak this (said he) as Bishop of Winchester, but if you come without it a second time, d---n me if I do not break every bone in your skin."

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, June 25, 1803.

By the arrival at Boston, of the Mary, capt. Briggs, from ntz. Paris accounts to the 6th of May, were received ; y ſtate generally, that the controverſy between that coun- and England, was rapidly approaching to a criſis ; but ether it would lead to a permanent peace eſtabliſhment, to a renewal of hoſtilities, were highly problematical.

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On Monday commenced in this city the third meeting of American Aſſociation of Bookſellers. The attendance s numerous and reſpectable. Bookſellers from Boſton, nford, Norwich, New-Haven, New-York, Philadel- ia, Harriſburg, Baltimore, Alexandria, &c. were pre- nt. The appearances afforded a ſtrong hope, that the guine expectations entertained of the ſucceſs of this inſtitu- ion will be realized.

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From the numerous recent murders committed by the dians in the South Weſtern territory of the U. States, and e temerity with which they attack travellers in the wil- neſs for plunder, great alarm has been excited among e inhabitants on that expoſed frontier, that an Indian ar is in ſerious contemplation.

—

A gentleman from Lycoming county ſtates, that Miſs DOWELL, the ſtory of whoſe robbery has excited ſo uch public ſympathy, is an impoſter ; and that her na- tive is wholly falſe. He further ſtates that ſhe had been reſſed in man's apparel, a ſhort time before this pretend- robbery, about forty miles from the place where ſhe ex- bited herſelf naked, and that her man's clothing was ond, concealed, near the ſpot where ſhe ſaid the villain onnet, had robbed her. There is ſomething myſterious her hiſtory, which time may perhaps unveil. She is a ell educated accompliſhe woman, and ſuppoſed to be of a ſpectable family. [Penſylvania pap.

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Captain Dodge, of the ſchr. Paragon, from St. Thomas, forms, that on the 16th inſt. near the edge of the Gulph, e ſaw a ſhip on fire in the cabin, all the forepart of her ving been burnt t. the water's edge, except the timbers hich were ſtanding.

—

Affairs at St. Kitts preſent a very hoſtile appearance, d indicate the actual commencement of war. Letters of late date, received in town from Gaudaloupe and St. Mar- ks, announce that the commanders of the Britiſh frigates ave received orders from their government to capture all rench veſſels ; and that ſeveral are cruizing to the wind- ard of Gaudaloupe and Martinique for that purpoſe.

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On Wedneſday the 8th inſt. as a number of children in he village of Utica, were at play in a yard in which ſome men were employed in ſtacking boards for ſeaſoning, on a ddden the boards gave way, and the whole weight fell on wo children of a Mr. ROBERTS, one of which (a boy bout four years of age) was immediately cruſhed to death ; he other was ſeemingly as badly bruiſed as the deceas'd, ut ſome hopes however are entertained of its recovery. [Patriot.

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On Saturday laſt, at a regimental muſter held at Smith's ills, near the canal in Norfolk County, a quarrel aroſe etween two men named Hudſon and Cherry, when a attle enſued and the parties were ſeperated. Hudſon ha- ing occaſion to go farther up the country, proceeded thith- r, and on his return called at the tavern where the quar- l firſt aroſe. Here he met with the brother of the an he had the diſpute with, who ſtabbed him three times the bottom of his abdomen while on his horſe. Cherry as been apprehended and committed to the county goal Portſmouth. Hudſon is reported to have died of the wounds he received. [Norfolk Herald.

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A coreſpondent has favored us with the following facts, hich, as they are a ſtrong proof of the beneficial effects of temperate habit on the human ſyſtem, are worthy of no- ice. Mr. Ephraim Pratt was born in Sudbury (Maſs.) in he year 1686, being the ſecond child born of European arents in that town, and the firſt on the records. From ence he removed ſome years ago, and is now living in hurſbury, in Hampſhire county, aged one hundred and ſe- enteen years. He is in good health, and is able to walk broad to viſit his neighbors ; and, until within about two ears, his eye-ſight was ſo good as to enable him to read. rom a child he had been highly temperate, living princi- ally upon milk, and diſclaiming altogether the uſe of pirituous liquor. He is a man of exemplary life, and ir- eproachable character : and, notwithſtanding his great age, s ſtill an agreeable companion. [F. Cabinet.

BARBAROUS CEREMONY.

A letter received by the Earl Howe, from Bengal, of the 2gd January, ſays the following relation of the moſt barbarous ceremony that lately took place at Gungar Saugar, and to which Mr. Bartlett, a branch pilot, with ſome other Europeans, were eye witneſs, appears unparalleled in the annals of hiſtory. Being at Gungar Saugar, with ſome other pilots, the laſt full moon, and hearing that ſome extraordinary abſurdities were to be performed among the Faquirs of that port, among others ſuch as perſuading the ignorant natives to go into the water to be devoured by the ſharks ; Mr. Bartlett, with his party, went to the place, from curioſity, where theſe cruelties were to be exerciſed, and witneſſed theſe facts : that ſeveral men and women, at the inſtigation of the Faquirs, were made to throw themſelves into the river amidſt innumerable ſharks that were ſeen floating upon the water, which almoſt immediately devoured theſe unhappy victims of ſuperſtition ; and particularly mentions, that a man remarkably ſtrong, on being attacked, ſeemed to ſet the ſhark at defiance, and had a long ſtruggle with his antagoniſt, till others came up and diſpatched him---Mr. Bartlett, upon hearing that a young boy was to be ſacrificed in the ſame manner, was deſirous, if poſſible, to reſcue him, and waited till late in the evening in hopes of performing this act of humanity ; but ſuſpicions ariſing among the barbarous Faquirs that ſuch an attempt might be made, put it out of Mr. Bartlett's power to effect it by ſecreting him. This horrid practice, it appears, takes place twice a year, in the months of February and November, about the time of the full moon. [Lond. pap.

—

BONAPARTE'S JOURNEY TO ANTWERP.

The Conſul's ſuite, according to a private letter from Paris, is to conſiſt of one Grand Maſter of the Horſe, ſix Subalterns, two Preſects of the Palace, three Miniſters, ſix Counſellors of State taken from each ſection of the body, two grand officers of the Legion of Honor, four Senators, twelve youths as acting pages, ſixty led horſes, ſix Members of the Tribune, ſix Legiſlators, habited as ſuch, and thirty ſervants in liveries of ceremony. Only one half of the Conſular Guard will remain in Paris, the other will be ſtationed in the towns at which the CONSUL is to ſtop ſome time, or placed EN ECHELLONS on the road.

—

SINGULAR FONDNESS FOR PLAY.

In an imperial city, lately, a criminal was condemned to be decapitated, who had a ſingular itching to play at NINE PINS. While his ſentence was pronouncing, he had the temerity to offer a requeſt to be permitted to play once more at his favorite game at the place of execution, and then he would ſubmit without a murmur. As the laſt prayer of a dying man, his requeſt was granted. When arrived at the ſolemn ſpot, he found every thing prepared. The pins being ſet up, and the bowl being ready, he played with no little earneſtneſs ;---but the ſheriff, at ſeeing that he had no inclination to deſiſt, privately ordered the executioner to ſtrike the fatal blow as he ſtooped for the bowl. The executioner did ſo ; and the culprit ſtarting up, actually graſped in his own hands the falling caput [German pap.

—

FUNERAL PROCESSION OF BONAPARTE'S COOK.

THE Firſt Conſul, impreſſed with a deep loſs in the death of this favorite domeſtic, and anxious to ſhew the world he knows, as well as Moreau, or any man in France, to appreciate the ſervice of his houſehold officers, has decreed funeral honors to his cook, as follows :

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Scullions of the Palace, to clear the way.
Marrow-bones and cleavers muffled.
Under Cooks, bearing the Great Knife, ſheathed.
Others, with tureens and diſhes empty.
The Salt Box of State, borne by four.
Cooks to Foreign Ambaſſadors, bearing the implements of modern cookery.
THE HEARSE.
Eight principal Cooks, for pall bearers, ſupporting a table cloth.
Servants, two and two, bearing the implements of ancient cookery.
Mamelukes, carrying the ladle and kettle.
French Officers from Egypt, bearing monuments of ancient Egyptian cookery.
Delegates from the Beef-ſteak Club in London.
An allegorical perſonage, to ſignify "Good Living," bearing garlick and frogs for ſacrifice.
Under Cooks, trailing the gridiron of the deceaſed.
Kettle drums and ſauce-pans, muffled.
Cooks, Under-cooks, Scullions, Helpers, Diſhwaſhers, &c. to cloſe the proceſſion.

COURT OF HYMEN.

CONJUGAL love invigorates the mind,
And to the wayward ſpirit whiſpers peace !
'Tis only here true happineſs we find,
And taſte of bliſs which never knows decreaſe.

MARRIED,

On Thurſday evening, laſt week, by the Rev. Uzel Ogden, Mr. SAMUEL G. OGDEN, merchant, to Miſs ELIZA LEWIS, daughter of Francis Lewis, Eſq

On Monday laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. JOHN BOGART, of this city, to Miſs JANE EARLE, of Hackenſack, New-Jerſey.

On Tueſday laſt, by the Rev. Biſhop Moore, JOHN MARTIN BAKER, ſen. of Gibraltar, to Miſs JANE PETERS, of this city.

At Woodſtock, in this ſtate, Mr. EBENEZER GRIFFIN, to Miſs KATY ELTINGE.

At Rocheſter, CORNELIUS KORTRIGHT, to Miſs JEMIMA MORRIS.

MORTALITY.

YE gay and thoughtleſs, rioting in health !
Ye fair, array'd in Beauty's roſe-clad bloom !
Ye proud, ye vain, who boaſt of pow'r or wealth,
Behold the end of all your pride---a TOMB !

DIED,

On Thurſday laſt week, in conſequence of a fall from his carriage, the wheel of which paſſed over his head, and ſoon terminated his exiſtence, Mr. JOHN C. VILLEROY, ſinging maſter and leading choriſter of St. Peter's Church.

—

The city Clerk reports that during the week ending on the 18th inſt. 21 perſons (of whom 11 were adults and 10 children) died of the following diſorders, viz.---apoplectic fit 2, fall from a window 1, lunacy 2, conſumption 3, killed by boxing 1, weakneſs 1, accidents 2, fits 4, hives 2, ſprue 2, teething 1, and 1 of old age.

☞ "THE PASSIONATE LOVERS, a Sentimental Tale," is received, and ſhall be attended to---Several communications remain on file.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. HALLAM JUN.

Mr. HALLAM, jun reſpectfully acquaints his friends and the public in general, that his Benefit will be this evening, when will be preſented,

The Clandeſtine Marriage.

After the Play, Signor Manfredi will diſplay various new Feats on the

Tight Rope.

To which will be added, the Muſical Entertainment of the

Wags of Windſor.

For ſale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

TICKETS

Whole, in Halves, and Quarters,

IN THE LOTTERY FOR ASSISTING THE SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF POOR WIDOWS WITH SMALL CHILDREN.

ALSO,

TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. II, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

WANTS A SITUATION,

In a Dry Good Store, a young man who has been regularly brought up to the buſineſs, and who can produce the beſt recommendations. Enquire of the printer.

JUST RECEIVED,

And for ſale by T. H. BURNTON, No. 116 Broad-Way, oppoſite the City-Hotel, elegant hot preſſed embоſſed letter paper with fancy colored borders. Superfine hot preſſed letter paper plain and gilt, viſiting cards, plain and gilt ; drawing paper of all ſizes ; drawing books, Reeves water colors, india ink, crayon and camels hair pencils, warranted lead pencils, bank note caſes, Ladies' morocco pocket books and thread caſes, warranted ſciſſars, &c. with every article in the ſtationary line, on the moſt reaſonable terms. May 14.

COURT OF APOLLO.

OLD SIMON.

Tune---In a Mouldering Cave.

IN his crazy arm chair, on the downhill of life,
Old Simon fat calm and refign'd ;
He had outliv'd his friends, he had buried his wife,
Old Simon was lame, deaf and blind.

But the Being of Love, who ftill tempers the blaft,
With devotion had fweeten'd his mind ;
Her gay fmiles, o'er his wrinkles, Contentment had caft
And cheer'd him, though lame, deaf and blind.

His misfortunes, his woes, could you hear him relate,
Infifting they all were defign'd
To reclaim him from ill, or fome blifs to create,
You'd long to be lame, deaf and blind.

When I learn, fays Old Simon, that topics of ftate,
Inflame each political chief ;
That they back-bite, fnarl, flander, in noify debate,
Old Simon's content to be deaf.

When Fafhion, that tempter, than the ferpent more fly,
To folly Eve's daughters inclin'd ;
When, with fcarce a fig-leaf, they obtrude on the eye,
Old Simon's content to be blind.

When battles' fell trumpets fo frequently found,
And blood marks our annals with fhame,
When abroad, war and murder, are raging around,
At home, I'm content to be lame.

Thus, this worthy old man, by contentment and pray'r
To the ills of his life was refign'd ;
And in death he exclaim'd, as he funk in his chair,
What blifs ! to the lame, deaf and blind.

With chaplets of joy, in the regions above,
His temples the angels entwin'd ;
Old Simon there bleffes the Being of Love,
Who, here, made him lame, deaf and blind.

THE SHIP-WRECK'D MARINER.

STILL did the tempeft loudly roar ;
Still did the reftlefs furges roll,
When rifing from a fea-beat fhore,
Awoke a helplefs fhip-wreck'd foul :
Bereft of fenfe, he long had lain,
Till ebbing life began to flow ;
Around he look'd ;---but look'd in vain---
The fcene preferted nought but woe,
" Alas, faid he, what fate is mine !
Forever hope I muft refign.
No human form I here behold ;
No wretch, like me efcap'd from death,
To whom my grief I might unfold,
And who might catch my parting breath :
Plung'd in the deep abyfs below,
My brave companions are at reft ;
Why, heaven, didft thou on me beftow
A life by every pang diftreft ?
And why that life again reftore,
To periih on this dreary fhore ?
Shall I no more, (he frantic cried,)
Behold ELIZA'S lovely face !
Muft I forever be denied
The beauties of her mind to trace ?
How oft in tranfports o'er her charms
Has my fond heart reftlefs hung,
When for my Lifety, foft alarms
Fell flowly from her faultering tongue,
Unhappy maid ! how juft thy fears ;
But unavailing were thy tears.
Perhaps, e'en now, with broken fighs,
She treads the breach and views the main ;
Or on fome cliff, with moiftened eyes,
Awaits my bleft return again :
But, ah ! fond maid, no more this heart,
Which beats with conftancy for thee,
Shall aught of tender love impart,
To heal the wound which bleeds for me,
Diftracting thought ! I die alone---
Unheard-- unpitied --and unknown."

[Balance] JULIENNE.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN the Ladies, at this genial feafon, permit the weft wind to kifs their bofoms, and kindly lay afide their muflin to fcarching eyes, as well as funbeams, a wag hints to the fair---that it is not only perilous to one fex, but unjuft towards the other, to over-heat the gentlemen in cooling themfelves ! !

MORALIST.

WHAT is there of real value in life that does not claim RELIGION for its foundation ?

Riches make to themfelves wings and fly away ; honors are fluctuating and apt to vanifh, at the moment when their blooming afpect charms us moft. Morality, unlefs founded on fomewhat fuperior to expediency, unlefs emanating from reverence to the fupreme being, and a fear of tranfgreffing his holy laws, is but a poor dependence. The world is changing, and all its appendages are like the fource from whence they proceed, fluctuating and uncertain---Religion gives ftability to joy, and renders the effect of every fcene of mental improvement valuable.

[Vermont Gaz.

ELEGANT CARPETING.

JUST opened, and for fale by SECOR and MOORE, No. 174, Broadway,

8 bales Englifh Ingrained Carpeting, very elegant patterns, and of the neweft fafhion.

4 bales Kidderminfter Carpets, containing from fix to forty-two fquare yards.

Alſo in Store.

140	pieces	4-4	Engliſh ingrained	Carpeting,	Marble Grounds.
30	do	4 4	do	do	Green do
28	do	4 4	do	do	Black do.
6	do	3-4	do	do	
14	do	5 4	do	do	
10	do	2-4	do	do	
80	do	4 4	Scotch	do	
40	do	4 4	do	do	
20	do	4 4	do	do	
75	do	4-4	do	do	
6	do	3 4	do	do	
14	do	5-8	do	do	
10	do	2-4	do	do	
12	do	5-8	Common Scotch	do	
14	do	2-4	do	do	
50	Common Scotch Carpets				
100	Scotch Ingrained Carpets,			black grounds	
120	do.		do.	do,	green do
50	do		do.	do.	fancy do
140	beft Engliſh Ingrained Carpets.				

The above compriſe the moſt elegant aſſortment of ingrained and common carpets and carpeting ever offered for ſale in this city, and will be ſold on reaſonable terms.

E. WOOFFENDALE,
MANTUAMAKER AND MILLINER,

Has juſt received from London, an elegant aſſortment of FASHIONS, which are now opened at No. 154 Broadway ; ſhe has alſo on hand, a handſome aſſortment of Chip Hats and Bonnets, which come very low.

Five Girls wanted to learn the trades, none need apply without a good character.

INDIA TAMBOUR'D MUSLINS.

RICHARD MULHERAN informs his friends and the public, that he has for ſale No. 12 Peck-Slip, a large and general aſſortment of DRY GOODS, amongſt which are,---

India Mulmul Muſlins Tamboured,
do. do. Plain,
do. Jaconet do.
Colored cambric do. All of which he will ſell cheap for CASH. May 14.

Mrs. WATSON,

Has removed from No. 114 Broadway, to No. 18 Dey ſtreet, where ſhe has on hand a large aſſortment of ready-made linen of every deſcription, conſiſting of Shirts, Sheets, Cravats, elegant embroidered Shirts and Spencers, Ladies Shirt Handkerchiefs embroidered, Childbed linen, &c

May 7 8w

GEORGE YOULE,

PLUMBER and PEWTERER, No. 298 Water-ſtreet, between Peck and New-ſlips, reſpectfully informs his friend and the public, that he carries on the above buſineſs extenſively ; and that any orders with which he may be favored will be executed with punctuality and diſpatch on moderate terms. Sheet Lead manufactured, equal to any imported. ☞ Worms for ſtills, Candle Moulds, and a general aſſorment of Pewter Articles ------An Apprentice wanted to the above buſineſs. Oct. 16, 29 1y

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

For Sale at JOHN HARRISSON's Book and Stationary Store, No. 3 Peck-ſlip,

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.
THE BEGGAR BOY.
CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.
EMMELINE.
OLD ENGLISH BARON.
ADULTERESS.
SHE LIVES IN HOPES.
NEGRO.
SPIRIT OF THE CASTLE.
ROYAL CAPTIVES.
ROGER DE CLARENDON.
EVELINA.
AMBROSE AND ELEANOR.
EDGAR HUNTLY.
VICAR OF LANSDOWNE.
THE ABBESS.
EMMA COURTNEY.
CASTLES OF ATHLIN AND DUNBAYNE.
MORDAUNT.
CONSTANT LOVERS.
ITALIAN.
EMELIA DE VARMONT.
HAUNTED PRIORY.
GEORGE BARNEWELL.
LOUISA, THE LOVELY ORPHAN.
NETLEY ABBEY.
MAID OF THE HAMLET.
ORTENBERG FAMILY.
PRINCE OF BRITTANY.
THE STORM.
VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.
THE MONK.
MAN OF THE WORLD.
ZELUCO.
COUNT RODERICK'S CASTLE.
JULIA BENSON.
CHARLOTTE TEMPLE.
HORRORS OF OAKENDALE ABBEY.
GALATEA.
TALE OF THE TIMES.
TOM JONES.
CAROLINE OF LICHTFIELD.
THE RING.
NATURE AND ART.
CAMILLA.
THE BEGGAR GIRL.
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